

GENESEE COUNTRY SCRAPBOOK

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BAYONETS ON CLEVELAND HILL
By ANDREW SUTHERLAND

ST. PAUL IN THE OLD DAYS
By JEANETTE HOOKER TRIMBLE

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By VIRGINIA JEFFREY SMITH

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THE ENCLOSURE

The picture enclosed with this number has not been bound into the booklet as the editors think you may wish to mat and frame it. The original was the work of Col. Arthur T. Lee, a watercolor painted when he was in the army serving on the Great Plains.

Col. Lee was born in 1821 in Pennsylvania. After local schooling he went to Philadelphia to study portrait painting with Thomas Sully. In 1838 he entered the regular army and served in the Mexican war and on the Plains. When the Civil War broke out he was stationed in Texas, and his commanding officer announced his unit would fight for the Confederacy.

Col. Lee refused, was imprisoned, and then paroled. His wife, herself a Southern woman, tried in every way to have him released. She was able finally to arrange his exchange for a Confederate officer. Rejoining the army of the North, he was wounded at Gettysburg.

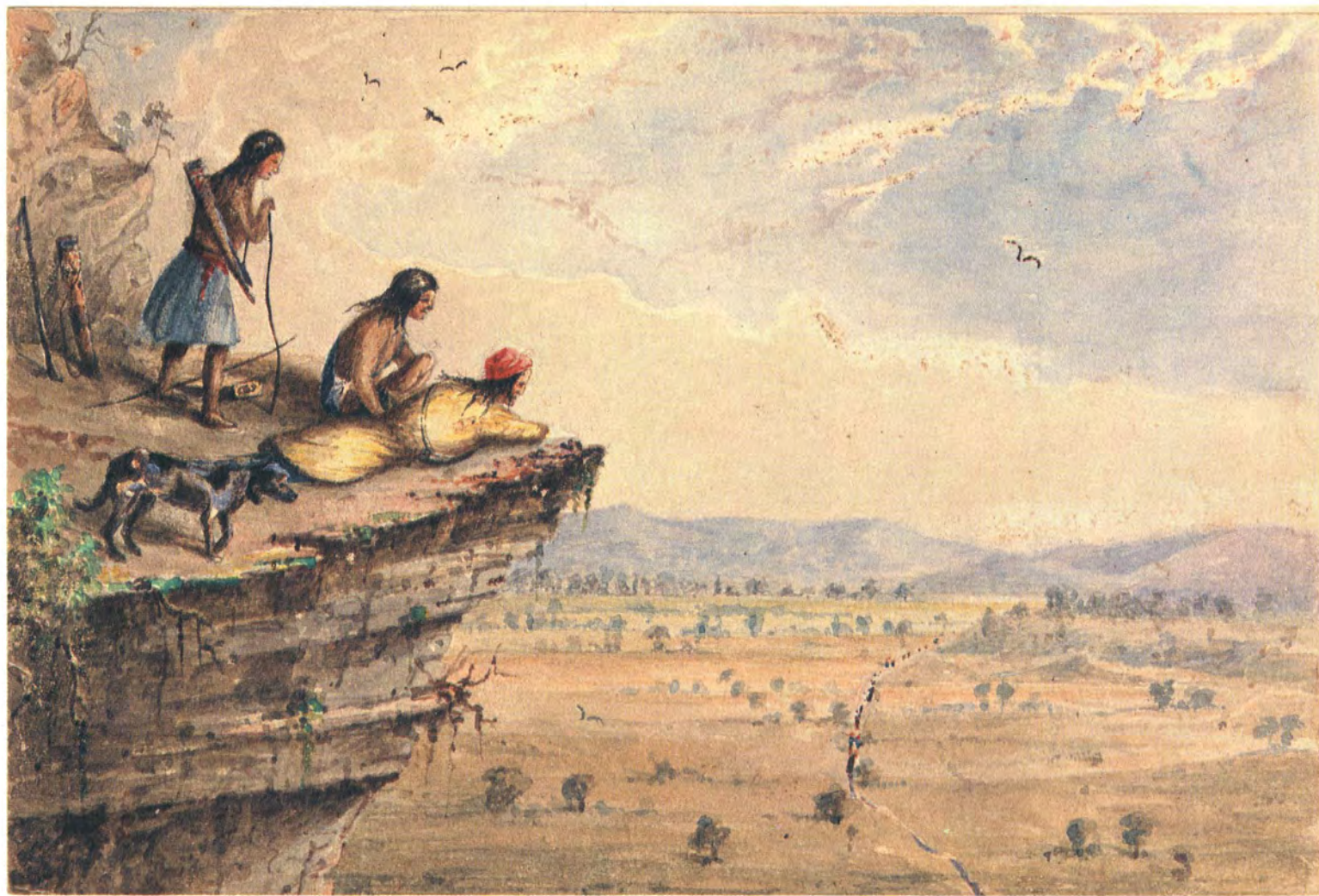
When he recovered he came to Elmira to recruit and drill. Still later he was made Commandant of the Soldiers' Home outside Washington on appointment by President Grant. He laid out the grounds in such a way that it became a showplace of the Capital.

He not only painted, but he wrote verse and was known as the "soldier poet". Many of his poems were set to music and sung around the camp fires, and some were collected in his "Army Ballads and Other Poems". The book, illustrated by Col. Lee, was published in 1871.

His daughter Katharine married William Jarvis Ashley, and they lived their married life in Rochester. They had two daughters, of whom the younger, Miss Mary Janet Ashley, survives. She has given a book of his watercolor paintings to the Historical Society, of which this is one page.

The Editors

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Bayonets on Cleveland Hill

BY ANDREW SUTHERLAND

My introduction to the story of these bayonets came long ago. It has stayed with me as a puzzling and fascinating tale, during the long years since I first heard it and during the intervening years in which I have found some facts which help the story.

When I was about ten years old and attending public grade school in Rochester, we studied geography, including some of the countries, mountains, seas and deserts of Europe, Asia and Africa as well as our western hemisphere.

At that time our family attended the Glenwood Methodist Church on Driving Park Ave. My parents sang in the choir with Mr. and Mrs. George Bills, neighbors, who often came to visit at our house.

Mr. Bills was a lawyer like my father. They and my parents used to sit in front of the fire and talk until long after I had gone to bed. After one particular visit, my parents talked several times about a story Mr. and Mrs. Bills told of two old army muskets with bayonets attached which had been found by a lumber crew cutting logs on a wooded hill where Mr. and Mrs. Bills had lived when they were children.

I asked my father to tell about the place where the guns were found. Father said they had been found not far from Naples and that the guns were like the ones carried by the soldiers of the American army that marched not far from there long ago under the command of General Sullivan in the Revolutionary War.

Naples, I knew, was one of those cities in Italy, but I never heard of the Amer-

icans having an army at any place in Italy. It was a strange new bit of information. Finally I told father how puzzled I was to learn of our army marching in Italy, near Naples, so he explained to me that the Naples in question was near Dansville. That explanation was enough for then.

I thought no more of those guns for more than 20 years. I went to college, studied law in a law office, married, and even spent a couple of years here and in France as an army machine gun captain.

In 1922 we bought some property in the town of Naples, Ontario County, from a man named Radner G. Bailey. He was then in his late fifties, and lived alone in a small story-and-a-half three-room house on the west side of West Hollow Road, just north of the place where Grimes brook flows west under the road. Rad helped us build a one-room cabin across the brook and several hundred yards down stream.

After the cabin was finished and we began to occupy it Saturdays and Sundays, Rad was accustomed to visit us until very late Saturday evenings. On those occasions he had freshly shaved and wore a clean shirt and told us about himself and about the neighborhood. He said that he and his father were born nearby, that his parents were dead, and that his wife and daughter had moved to Rochester.

One of his interesting stories concerned Cleveland Hill, which is the hill about two miles north of our cabin and which separates West Hollow Valley from the Gulick valley. When Rad was

10 or 11 years old he was water boy for a summer lumber crew. The crew was cutting white pine on the south end of Cleveland Hill. One of the crew was the minister of the Shaker Church, a one-room log cabin somewhere on the Gulick Road. The other members of the crew, including Rad's father, were men who lived in the neighborhood. A man named Cleveland, who lived on the east side of West Hollow Road just south of Cleveland Hill, owned the land where the lumber crew was working. Mr. Cleveland was on hand supervising the work of getting out the logs.

Young Rad was supposed to carry his bucket of water and a gourd dipper to the place where he would be called by any man in the crew. He heard people shouting from the very tip of Cleveland Hill, so he started off with his bucket and dipper. The shouting continued and soon he and the entire crew came to the place where the men were shouting.

At this place a big pine had grown just at the brink of the hill. Apparently it had leaned slightly, for when the men working on this particular tree had cut partway through the trunk the tree started to fall down hill to the south. But the cut had not been deep enough for the trunk to break at that point. The result was that as it tipped to the south, it lifted up the roots close to the trunk on the north side. The entire stump tipped sideways.

Under the stump lay two old flintlock guns, each equipped with a bayonet.

One of the men who had worked at felling the trees was the minister. Every one in the group was excited, particularly so when the minister said the guns had probably belonged to the soldiers who had been in the neighborhood a long time ago. All knew the minister had been a soldier (apparently in the Civil War),

and everybody admitted that the minister probably knew that the guns were army weapons. However, there may have been some question about the remainder of the minister's statement. Rad's comment to us was "The damn fool—everybody knows they never was no war or soldiers round these parts."

Rad Bailey was not well informed about the early history of the area. I doubt whether he spent any time in school after he was ten or eleven years old. His story reminded me of the one told to my parents by Mr. and Mrs. Bills, who by that time were no longer living. I could not locate any relative of Mr. Cleveland. Rad's tale about these two guns was told to us with other stories. He also told us he had a reputation in the neighborhood as a liar, and he seemed to take pride in saying how his reputation as a teller of improbable stories had identified him for many years.

Though I have not been able to locate and talk with anyone else who saw those two old guns and bayonets lying under the roots of the pine, I now do believe the story, even if it sounded wholly improbable when Rad first told it.

A natural inquiry then arises. How would it be possible for guns of the sort that were carried by soldiers to get to Cleveland Hill and be left there. The most probable source of supply of such guns with bayonets would be from the army of General Sullivan, which marched through the present Village of Honeoye in 1779 on its route west toward the Genesee headquarters of the Iroquois Indians near Mt. Morris. The history of the so-called "Sullivan Expedition" is told in a volume published in 1887 by Knapp, Peck and Thompson of Auburn, N. Y., entitled "Journals of the Military Expedition of Major General John Sullivan Against the Six Nations of Indians in 1779."

My copy of that book was given to me by my grandfather, Rev. Andrew Sutherland, about 1897. The book contains copies of the daily journals kept by officers of that army, including the march from Honeoye to the west and south around the south end of Conesus Lake, and the tragic stories told by the survivors of the scouting party under Boyd and Parker, and the escape of a few of that party from the Indian ambush west of Conesus Lake.

We know that the principal town of the Iroquois was to the west of Honeoye, in the Genesee Valley, where it was found and destroyed by the Sullivan army. We also know that scouts were constantly being sent out to attempt to locate the Iroquois war parties.

The Sullivan column was always anticipating an ambush. The country was forest; the American column followed in general a well-known Indian trail, but was of course required to be constantly on the alert against sudden attack. Naturally the American column was accustomed to send out numerous scouts or scouting parties on both flanks, as well as in front, for observation.

Approaching Honeoye from the east the land descends gently to what is called Honeoye Flats, formerly a semi-flooded low plain, a couple of miles from east to west, through which, in a northerly direction the outlet of Honeoye Lake flows. As the American column approached Honeoye Lake and Honeoye Flats from the east, a long ridge extends to the south marking the east boundary of Honeoye Lake. Closely parallel to and just east of this ridge is another, which also extends north and south, the south end of which is Cleveland Hill.

The Boyd and Parker scouting party sent ahead to the southwest at Honeoye Flats comprised from 26 to 30 men in

all. The various journals differ as to number, but almost all recite that two of the party were missing—not found dead and not returned to the main army. Whether we are at the solution of the story of the bayonets and guns, and whether these arms were weapons carried by the missing two of the Boyd and Parker party, is an interesting question.

It is about fourteen miles from the place where the Boyd and Parker party first met the enemy to the place to the east where the guns were found. And the Boyd and Parker party, of course, knew that the main army was to the east of the scout party. But our scouting party was attacked from the rear, front and north by hundreds of the enemy whose object was to exterminate it. Those of the scouts who could escape this end had to retreat at full speed and then hide from pursuers. If our scouts so outnumbered, hiding, observed Indians to the west or north or to the east along the route our scouting party had used, those survivors could wisely creep away to the south, so as to avoid risk of detection. They could then try to work back east toward what they might expect would be safety. Such survivors, of course, would prefer to use high ground where possible, so as to be able to look far to detect hostile parties or smoke signals—rather than travel in low gullies or flats where there would be no possibility of observing for any substantial distance.

If the two "missing" of the scouting party escaped to the south of the massacre ground, they could work back to the east around the south end of Honeoye Lake and come into what is now West Hollow in Naples town, and then go back north toward the homeward route—and wisely choose the route along the top of Cleveland Hill. Perhaps they

knew that the strong point called Fort Cumming at the foot of Honeoye Lake could be reached by going north on the ridge, where these guns were found.

Of course, we have no way of identifying the two guns as those carried by the men missing from the scouting party. We can merely follow what seems to be a reasonable answer to the query as to what those two scouts would be inclined to do if they were trying to escape from hostile Indians.

Possibly the doubters who classify the Cleveland Hill guns as being merely the local variety of stories told all along the Sullivan route do not know that muskets were found by the Sullivan army at Cayuga Castle and also a few regimental jackets of blue with white trim.

This was reported in the journal of Sgt. Major George Grant at the east side of Cayuga Lake. But the Cayuga Lake guns were found in 1779. The Cleveland Hill guns were found nearly a hundred years later and were seen by the man who told us about them. Also, Mr. Bills, who came from near Cleveland Hill (from Bills Rd. in South Bristol) and Mrs. Bills, who came from Seaman Rd. two miles from the gun cache, heard of the finding of the guns shortly after their discovery by the lumber crew.

It was then a positive, definite and recent discovery—not a folk tale.

That difference leads me to believe the story Rad Bailey told, though it has not been possible for me to find anyone else who has personal knowledge of the facts.

St. Paul St. in the Old Days

BY JEANNETTE HOOKER TRIMBLE

After several well advised "no's" on my part I was finally overpersuaded to jot down some recollections of that part of Rochester which centered about North St. Paul St. One of the reasons for my reluctance was because it becomes so much a family chronicle, as there were very few other families there at this period whom I can remember.

My grandfathers, Horace Hooker and Elon Huntington, the Farleys, and the Stronges built down the river, assuming that of course the city would wisely grow in that direction. But fate, in the form of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railway intervened. The railroad, having already ruined a large part of our lake front, started to come up the river, so people were afraid to build there.

The neighbors fought this for twenty years and succeeded in getting it moved back about a mile, but, by this time, the city had started to move out in the East Ave. direction. That is how we lost our river front, which would have added so much to the natural beauty of the city.

In the very early days, of course, there was no good school there, so the Farley boys (Porter and Joseph) and the Hooker boys (Horace, Charles and Edward) went way out to Clover St. to the Seminary to school.

My mother, Susan Huntington Hooker, has written the history of Carthage as it was then called and it is in the Rochester Historical Society publications. That early history is told infinitely better than I can. Thus, I am embarrassed to say, this becomes a family chronicle.

As both my grandfather and grand-

mother Hooker died before I was born, most of my memories are of the life at grandfather Huntington's. The Huntington house was built on very spacious and hospitable lines which were carried out also in spirit. Its hospitality reached as far as Vermont. Relatives came and saw and settled down—often for the whole winter. We children called them the "Ancestors," and, coming home, would announce "There's another ancestor at grandfather's."

When the Civil War started, my father, who was engaged to Susan Huntington, felt he must enlist. She insisted upon getting married before he went so that she could go and nurse him if he were injured. She did join him and was in the Siege of Vicksburg and the Battle of Chancellorsville. It was in this battle that a colored boy, who was apparently too near the cannon, was blown over onto the Union side. Mother wrote the story of it for St. Nicholas Magazine and called it "How Moses Was Emancipated." It was republished not long ago in the "Reader's Digest."

After the war, mother and father lived a short distance from grandfather Huntington. There, on the banks of the river, seven of us (five boys and two girls) grew up in an exceedingly happy childhood.

The hazard of the river bank was solved by keeping the baby in a box on the front lawn, and, a little later, tied to a tree. In the spring all carpets, matting and even hair mattresses were taken out on the lawn and beaten, and we all took part in this. It may have been good for the mattresses, but we children did

not think spring was all daffodils and tulips.

In the evenings we often played games in which all ages joined, but generally some one read aloud while the others pursued their various occupations. Some winter evenings we "wired labels" for the shrubs and other produce of the Hooker nurseries and for some profit to our slim purses.

All branches of the family seem to have been devoted to trees. The beautiful elms on East Avenue were planted by Uncle Josiah Bissell, because the city would not do it at his suggestion. The magnolia trees on Oxford Street were planted by Uncle Edward Hooker (Mrs. Charles Dodge's father) when he cut that street through his property. At the corner of Clover and Highland Avenues, Uncle Charlie Hooker's place still has in perfect condition a magnificent fern-leaf beech and a black-river beech. We ourselves had a fruit orchard which went a long way in keeping my brothers out of mischief as they had to pick the fruit.

One day there were about eight baskets of beautiful peaches left over after sorting them for Milliman's store. They were too ripe to sell, but perfect to cut up for supper, so mother called Miss Keith at the General Hospital to know if she would like them for the patients' supper. She said she would and that the ambulance would call for them.

It came and went, and Mrs. Farley, who was living not far from us, could hardly wait for it to disappear to telephone to know who was ill. My sister said that mother was sending some peaches to the hospital. Mrs. Farley said it was outrageous to use an ambulance for such a purpose, getting the neighbors so upset. My sister, who was more witty than practical, replied "But Mrs. Farley, if you had seen the peaches!"

In such simple, practical way did the first board of managers of the hospital cooperate, and, of course, EVERYONE came to the fore for the annual Hospital Donation. In those days so many things were starting—the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, the Ethical Club, and many others. Mother, being civic minded, was on many of these boards. One day she came home very tired, dropped into a chair, and said her feet hurt her. Father remarked "I know, you are getting club-footed".

The beginnings of the university played an important part in our life, as grandfather Huntington was one of its founders and, in fact, was on the Board of Trustees until he died at 94. The faculty were in and out a great deal, and even students were absorbed at times into the family life. James Monroe Taylor, who later became president of Vassar, was one. He also married one of the daughters, Kate Huntington.

Among my choicest memories were the Sunday night suppers there. The Faculty and their families and friends, the neighbors and our family—all were welcome to bring their guests. There were often twenty-five or more there. This was made possible by the simplicity of the food and service. At supper time, Lizzie, a very short little English maid with a white cap cocked on her head and enveloped in a large white apron, would make ready the marble top table. She would remove the lamp and books and then bring in a large tray with the silver tea and coffee service. Then she would quietly bring in little mahogany tables from sets about the house, and place them between people who were discussing affairs which, to us children, seemed very important indeed and probably were.

Then came in white damask tray

cloth, napkins and plates. No conversation was interrupted except perhaps to find out whether they would have coffee or tea.

Then a large tray was passed with cheese, pretzels, pickles and lots of thin slices of bread and butter. Except for a four-layer orange cake passed later, this was all. All this in the big parlors before a fire in the fireplace in the winter, and on the porch in the summer, under an overhanging wistaria which added great beauty and fragrance. It was simple living and high thinking.

The nearest neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Peck. They had come upon hard times and took paying guests. There some of the faculty and many other delightful people came for the summer. There were beautiful great oaks between the houses and there on Fourth of July all gathered for luncheon, sometimes fifty or more. This spirit of hospitality was certainly observed by my mother.

We had one maid at this time, who must have been young once to have borne with us. But, as I remember her, she was old and frail and loyal beyond words for twenty years. We could always invite any one home to meals and she would look out of window, see some one coming and say "Mrs. Hooker, shall

I let down the soup?"

Another amusing incident took place one day after we were grown and at this particular moment all were away except my brother Harry, who must have been unusually affluent at the time. As he left the house one morning he said to "Pallow" the cook, "There will be twelve to dinner tonight, but you are not to worry or do anything about it." There was no further explanation.

She was naturally a bit flurried. As the day wore on and nothing happened, she grew less calm over the situation. A friend called up to know what time dinner was and Pallow's floodgates were open. She cleaned the house, cooked dozens of potatoes, and did not know what to do next.

A little after five relief came. Teall, the caterer, moved in with all the food and dishes. Pallow gasped and sat down and rested for what must have been the first time in her twenty years of life with us. When the guests arrived and were met at the door by an imposing white-gloved, colored butler, their breaths were taken away. They were accustomed to our modest ways.

I'll close this chronicle of our simple family note on this high note. I may add it only happened ONCE.

The Tuesday Musicale

BY VIRGINIA JEFFREY SMITH

Every history of music in Rochester (and there have been several) gives credit to the Tuesday Musicale for having done much for musical education and interest, but the story of the club has always been somewhat sketchy.

"Never underestimate the influence of women" might well have been its motto.

It was in 1896 that Mrs. John Whitbeck and Mrs. Emory Osborn started "Euterpe," a singing society. Whether that merged into the Tuesday Musicale as Mr. Stewart Sabin reported, or whether a misunderstanding arose because the membership was so similar, can not be proved. Suffice it that in 1889 Mrs. Whitbeck invited about twenty-five musical friends to her house, and the Tuesday Musicale was born.

It was not the first organization of the sort, for there had been a Rochester Academy of Sacred Music; Mechanics' Musical Association; the Hermonic, which gave oratorios; Germania; the Rochester Musical Union; the Rochester Academy of Music; and the Philharmonic Society.

In 1880 a group of men including John H. Hopkins, Warren Cutler, Eugene Satterlee, Frederick P. Allen and Howard Osgood founded the Mendelssohn Vocal Society and gave their first complimentary concert in the studio of their conductor, Herve D. Wilkins. Later they gave concerts in Powers Hall, the Corinthian Theater, and City Hall.

The Tuesday Musicale was at first intended for the mutual improvement and enjoyment of its members, but later it played an important civic role by acting

as impresario and bringing fine music to Rochester, performed by the best artists available. Each year they had twelve meetings. Six were for study, with a paper with illustrations either vocal or instrumental by members. Six were recitals. At first they met in each other's homes, but as the membership grew meetings were held in Powers' Colonial Hall and then in the ballroom of the Genesee Valley Club, and, one year, in the Regent Theater. The early programs are written by hand, but later were printed. Organ recitals were given in the Brick and Central Presbyterian Churches. There were four classes of membership—active, associate, chorus and student.

Among the prominent women who played an active part in the project were, besides Mrs. Whitbeck, Mrs. Henry Danforth, Mrs. Harry Stedman, Mrs. Breck Perkins, Mrs. John Steele, Mrs. J. H. Boucher, Mrs. R. W. Bellamy, Mrs. Zenas Westervelt, Miss Carrie Holyland, Mrs. J. Foster Warner, Mrs. Edward Mulligan and Mrs. Morrison McMath. As the membership grew some of the informality of the early meetings was lost, but the quality of the programs was raised.

Perhaps the best idea of their activities can be had from a look at their year book for 1900, when there were thirty-eight instrumentalists and thirty-eight singers enrolled. That year there were papers on the "Aesthetics of Music" by Mrs. J. Z. Westervelt, "Song forms" by Mrs. C. P. Bromley, "Evolution of the polyphonic from antique to modern" by

Mrs. E. B. Angell, "Wagner and Music Drama" by Mrs. Louis Fuller; "Antique and Modern Dances" by Mrs. R. Grant, and "Programme music" by Miss Holyland. In each case they were followed by music, vocal or instrumental, in groups or solos.

In 1897 the Tuesday Musicale chorus was formed, consisting of fifty-six women. Later this became a somewhat separate group, although always in close affiliation with the mother society. Many of the men of the Mendelssohn group joined. They gave concerts, and soon had a fine ensemble under the direction of Henri Jacobson. Each year, too, they gave one of the great oratorios, usually with out-of-town soloists of note, though that seemed hardly necessary when they could show such local artists as Mrs. Rampe, Mrs. Hooker, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Schlegel.

They imported the Boston Festival orchestra several times and then sang with the Dossenbach orchestra. These concerts were usually held at the Lyceum theater, and the mixed chorus numbered from one hundred to one hundred seventy-five voices.

The Tuesday Musicale also gave programs for the public schools that the children might hear classical music. They prided themselves that every program had at least one modern number.

In 1903 they were hostesses to the National Federation of Musical Clubs on their third biennial festival. It was held May 19 to 22 in Powers' Hall. Mrs. John Steele was president of the local club at that time. The Tuesday Musicale gave two programs. One was Thursday afternoon. The other was the Chorus on Tuesday evening at the Lyceum when "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" was given with Dr. F. A. Mandeville as soloist. Two other evening concerts were given,

one by the American Symphony orchestra of New York under the baton of Sam Franko, the other a recital by Rafael Joseffy.

The Federation was an outcome of the Chicago World's Fair. Mrs. Theodore Thomas, at her husband's suggestion, invited women's amateur musical clubs to a national convention in Recital Hall in June of that year, and thirty-five clubs responded. As a result, the organization was formed in Chicago in 1896. Their first biennial convention was held in St. Louis in 1899, the second in Cleveland, and the third (1903) in Rochester. Mrs. Henry Danforth was corresponding secretary of the federation and a member of the executive committee. Mrs. Breck Perkins was vice-president of the Eastern Division.

By that time the local club had 77 active members, 238 associate members and 61 student members.

It was not long before these civic minded women not only gave public concerts at nominal prices, but began to act as impresarios.

Soon they could proudly say that they had brought many noted artists to Rochester, sometimes at the Lyceum, sometimes at the Baker Theater and then at Convention Hall, where the public flocked to sit all evening on the most uncomfortable chairs in the world, to hear great music.

Sometimes the box office did not meet the large expenses, as when they brought the Detroit orchestra with Gabrilovich, and sometimes husbands had to help out, but the women were never daunted.

The N. Y. State Federation of Musical Clubs came to town in 1921 at the invitation of the Tuesday Musicale. Meetings were at Hotel Seneca and were open to the public. Madame Marguerite

Sylva of the Metropolitan gave an afternoon recital. In the evening Guy Maier and Lee Patterson gave a two-piano concert in Convention Hall.

A talk was given by Pierre Key, editor of the Musical Digest, and a musical memory test was held for school children, with a concert by them under the baton of Charles Mills.

Among the artists whom the Tuesday Musicales brought to Rochester are the following: Piano, Madame Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Edward MacDowell (twice), Dohnanyi, Henry Holden Huss, the Misses Sutro, Mrs. E. B. Marsh, Miss Bissell and Miss Hamilton from Hartford, William Sutherland, Harold Bauer, Frank LaForge, Raymond Wilson, George Copeland, Maier and Pat-tison, Vera Curtis and Louis Siegel.

Violin, Henri Marteau, Leonora Jackson, Geraldine Morgan, Bertha Clark, June Reed, and David Hochstein.

'Cello, Paul Morgan, Lillian Little-hales and Pablo Casals.

Harp, Mr. Aptomas and Effie Putnum.

String Quartets, Kneisel Quartet (four times), Listemann Quartet, N. Y. String Quartet, Flonzaley Quartet, and the Dannreuther Quartet (three times).

Orchestras, Pittsburgh American, Boston Symphony and Detroit.

Violinists, Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel (twice), Madame Emma Eames, Madame Schumann - Heink (twice), David Bispham (twice), Max Heinrich (three times), Mrs. Caroline Clark Bartlett (three times), Miss Des-vignes, Miss Marguerite Hall, Plunket Greene (twice), Dr. F. A. Mandeville

(twice), Percy Lapey, Ericsson Bush-nell, Dr. Carl Dufft, Madame Gertrude Bailey, Francis Rogers, Mrs. Van der Veer Green, Harry Thomas, Miss Susan Metcalfe, Miss Janet Spencer, Glenn Hall, Gwilym Miles, Mrs. Celia Rampe, Mrs. Charles Hooker, Miss Marguerite Sylva, Henry Schlegel, and Madame Olive Fredstad.

These concerts did much to give Ro-chester an education in music. As late as 1915 the series of seven public con-certs cost three dollars, or an average of 42 cents a concert, while associate mem-bers could have these, plus all the morn-ing concerts for five dollars.

For thirty years the Tuesday Musi-cale carried on these programs and then, like the "old soldier," they seemed to fade away as an organization, but never gave up their role as patronesses of the best music in Rochester.

They were patronesses of the Dossen-bach Orchestra. When the Dossenbach, Klingenburg-Gareisson School was start-ed, which led to the Eastman School and the founding of the Rochester Philhar-monic, they stood back of every move to make Rochester a musical city. Their names may still be found in the Civic Music Association and among the sub-scribers to every concert. Such influences can hardly be overestimated.

(The above is based on material gra-ciously lent by Mrs. Buell P. Mills and Mrs. Douglas S. Reveley, former mem-bers, and daughters respectively of Mrs. Frederick Allen and Mrs. J. H. Boucher, and by Miss Emma Swift of the Roches-ter Public Library.)

Nathaniel Thrift Rochester Goes to Paris in 1832

BY ANNIE OLMSTEAD PEET

After reading the journals of Nathaniel Thrift Rochester, son of Col. Nathaniel Rochester, and the letters written by his wife that were recently loaned the Rochester Historical Society by the late Rev. John De Waard, one is impressed by the way Mr. Rochester valiantly met one adversity after another.

He left no descendants, as he lost all six of his precocious children, but we have the record of a well educated deeply-religious man whose life seemed to pivot around St. Luke's Church. One rejoices that during his eighty-one years he had at least one interlude of sheer happiness and freedom from care. That was when he took an extensive trip to Europe. He went alone, but after a year Rev. Henry J. Whitehouse, the rector of St. Luke's, joined him. They went as far as Greece, principally because St. Luke's was helping to finance a school for orphans in Athens.

The letters of his devoted brothers and sisters are in a neat bundle accompanying the detailed day-by-day book that he kept, so we know just what was happening in Rochester during his absence. For lack of space we must confine ourselves to the few weeks of Nathaniel's trip spent in Paris. It was quite natural that he visit Paris first, for his sister Catherine's husband, Dr. Anson Colman, was studying there.

Before he left home, he corresponded with Mr. D. D. Barnard of Mendon, who had recently returned from just such a trip as Nathaniel contemplated. Mr. Barnard advised staying at the Hotel

Meurice in Paris, where they spoke English and where he would find Francois, a valet who would be his cicerone.

To quote from his letter, "In France you will travel mostly by Diligence or Malle-Poste if the continent is in traveling condition—that is free from pestilence and war. You will have no difficulty in finding travel companions. You need not trouble yourself about books of travel, for you will find them local and new wherever you go. On relations to the expense I think that an allowance of \$200 a month for the whole time of absence, including passage money, would be a fair and even liberal provision. Too much care however to save money on such an expedition would not be good economy."

All through the carefully-kept journal there is never a word about fatigue; no grumbling about getting up at four to take a diligence and bumping along rough roads, sometimes travelling all night; no complaining about food or weather. The people he met and who traveled along with him must have found him an ideal travelling companion. He not only carried letters of introduction from Henry Clay, but he presented the letters to influential people, thus enriching his experience. One pictures him hanging from the window of the coach in his exuberant enthusiasm, glorying in the landscape, and watching for landmarks. We know he even stopped the coach at times so he could get out and walk into a big city so as to savour the feeling that he was really entering Rome or Florence.

He set sail from New York on Nov. 20, 1832. As soon as he was on board, he began setting down his impressions in his journal. "This ship just about starting after a great bustle and singing of the sailors in hoisting sail. Very high wind whistles through the rigging like some old weather-boarded house. I came below for I could scarcely endure leaving. I came, too, to commit myself to the kind protection of our Heavenly Father, who has so long and kindly protected me from all dangers by land and water. Pilot off at Sandy Hook and put to sea with a fair wind. I went to bed unwell." How revealing that entry is!

The voyage to Le Havre took twenty-three days. He mentions having tea, cold cider, toast and cold tongue for breakfast, which speaks for itself. However, there were among the ten passengers some interesting people. "Mrs. Kemble of England." Charles Kemble was visiting America with his daughter, Fanny, and one surmises that Mrs. Kemble had come with them and was returning to London as she, too, was a popular actress in the eighteen-thirties.

John Lowell was on the boat, too. He was the son of Francis Cabot Lowell and went to Europe frequently on cotton business for his father. At this particular time he was starting out on a trip around the world, but was taken ill in Bombay and died there in 1836. He was the one who established Lowell Institute. Mr. Rochester must have found him a congenial companion on their sightseeing trips about Paris:

Mr. Appleton of Cambridge, who was on the ship, could have been Nathan, who co-operated with Francis Cabot Lowell in cotton manufacture or perhaps his son, Thomas, recently graduated from Harvard, a writer and patron of the arts. He was the one who said "Good

Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

All the passengers stayed at the Hotel de l'Europe in Le Havre. Nathaniel mentions the excellent dinner which he ate with relish after the rough voyage. The next evening they all went to dine with Mr. Beasley, the American Consul. "Up at 6 A.M. in diligence for Rouen. With the exception of the uncomfortable appearance of the brick floors, the Grand Hotel de Rouen is very well furnished. Beds fine and French coffee.

"In front of the cathedral I noticed a large bear on his hind legs with a monkey on his head. I observed at dinner today that a lady sitting opposite drinks her bottle of wine as well as the rest of us.

"From Rouen I traveled in private carriage with Mr. Lowell and servant. Stopped at St. Germain for the night and reached Paris the next day at one o'clock. Took a room with Mr. Lowell, besides bedroom, the whole costing 20 francs a day. The next day we went to the Louvre.

"Sunday Dr. Colman and I went to the English chapel. Saw Dr. Jackson of Boston at chapel and he says that no physician here believes the cholera to be contagious and that he has seen the disease in England, Scotland and Ireland. He did not think it was curable." Dr. Colman had been making a thorough study of the disease because of the universal epidemic in 1832.

In Rochester alone one hundred and fifty died that year. He returned to Rochester before Nathaniel and wrote him in Europe, "Should you be where cholera exists do not feel the least alarm—there is no danger if a man keeps himself braced up with the belief that he is to be Exempt."

Dr. Colman did discover however that cholera thrived in unclean places. He

was recognized as the best-trained physician in Western New York, but had little chance to practise here at home, for he died in 1837. One of his apprentices was Richard Mott Moore, who in turn had George W. Goler in his office for three years. Dr. Colman, while in Paris, visited hospitals, witnessed operations, and attended lectures, so one can understand that he had neither the time or strength to spend sightseeing with Nathaniel.

He wrote his wife, "Your brother Nathaniel has been at the hotel with me. He is always above his usual animal spirits. I shall have to deny myself the pleasure of traveling to Italy with him. My diet for 19 days is boiled rice, scalded milk and black tea—a severe discipline for I have a voracious appetite—another reason which has favored my recovering is not having to go to the hospitals now until after day break. Paris is a most unpleasant and dangerous city to move about on foot."

On Jan. 4 a letter arrived from Nathaniel's sister Cornelia. It was written Dec. 3. "A week ago a large fire east of Carrol Street; the wooden buildings from Bissell's block to Ward's were burnt to the ground. Damage estimated \$45,000. Pr. Penny has resigned his situation. A very unexpected event to his congregation. He says he is never well in Rochester and in perfect health when he is away. Tis said he has a call to N.Y. Mr. Waldo has consented to be teacher of our Charity School and is now in N.Y. to become acquainted with the monitorial system. After Jan. 1 you may think of Louisa and me as being much of our time occupied with that."

With Mr. Lowell and Dr. Cooper, Nathaniel went on the evening of Jan. 18 to a "Soiree and there was Mrs. Patterson, formerly Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte. J. J. Astor and Mr. Browning were

there." He explains that Mr. Browning is a poet and not well known as he published his poems anonymously. As Robert Browning, aged twenty, went to St. Petersburg on a visit in 1833, no doubt he was passing through Paris enroute. On the 22nd he went to "a large ball, perhaps 500 were there among them with Gen. Lafayette and J. F. Cooper." A bit later that week he went to the Louvre to an exhibition of a scene from "The Last of the Mohicans." He makes no comment on the picture, but hastens to the library to see the books of Cooper recently published in Paris.

A letter from Louisa, his youngest sister, written Dec. 22, is full of interest to Rochesterians. "Cornelia and myself are endeavoring to fit ourselves to converse with you in French. We are taking lessons with a French gentleman—we like him very much as a teacher. Mr. Whitehouse says he speaks the language very sweetly. Tell Dr. Colman that Sophia is taking lessons too (Sophia was the ten-year-old daughter of Dr. Colman)—The father of Rev. Mr. James is dead, the papers state that his property to worth three millions to be divided among nine children. Last Sunday about nine o'clock in the morning when Henry had just completed shaving about half his chin, a loud rap was heard. When the door was opened our bell ringer was seen. With a trembling voice and agitated manner he exclaimed—tell Mr. Henry that St. Luke's Church is on fire. He instantly left the door without further explanation. Nothing more was needed to take Henry just as he was, down with all possible speed. He found the church completely filled with smoke coming from north west end of gallery. Fire could be seen under the stove and lower part of the wall behind the stove—the persons who had collected thought that a few buckets of water would be all that

was necessary to put it out but upon breaking away a little of the wall Henry discovered that the fire had run up the lathing nearly to the roof. He immediately ran out and called for engines. With all possible haste they were brought out and the fire extinguished. The hose of one of the engines was taken through the tower into the garret.

"A great deal of water in this way was thrown on the walls and made them very wet and another hose carried through the lower part of the church and thrown into the gallery. This was accidental for the person at the engine not knowing it was necessary to work it. The water took not only broom and house cloth, but constant fire in the stove for three days to dry. The burnt place was filled with greens for Christmas. The fire was occasioned by wood being put under the stove to dry. There is a great deal of laughter in town because the bell ringer locked the door when he ran to call Henry. . . . Mary Child is staying with us for some time; her health is poor. She occupies your place at table. 17 of mother's grandchildren dined with her today. It was a very pretty sight—they have all behaved extremely well—the babies came this P.M. Tell Dr. Colman his family was the only one fully represented. It was the unanimous opinion of all that S. and C. were the prettiest of the granddaughters. Sophia has a kind of intellectual beauty and little 'Phenny' is a pet with us all."

Soon after Nathaniel received a letter from his brother Thomas Hart Rochester, written Jan. 17.

"Weather continues so mild and warm that the canal remained navigable until about the tenth of this month. It is the 23rd now and yesterday I attended the funeral of old Mrs. Caldwell, Dr. Col-

man's neighbor, as one of the Pall Bearers in one of the most dreadful snow squalls I remember to have witnessed. Mr. Whitehouse had to go to Col. Fitzhugh's last week to marry Isabelle to young Swift over the most dreadful roads and worse returning as it began to freeze.

"Henry went up on horse back. Robert Fitzhugh is to be married to Miss Maria Carroll this month. I visited our new Charity School today and was vastly delighted with the order and regularity which has been produced already among the little ragamuffins. They are chiefly made up of Dutch, French and Irish. There were about 60 present. Mr. Waldo mentioned that there were about 80 on the list but as some had to stay at home on Mondays to get their clothes washed it was generally more thinly attended than other days. The pews rented very well in church. The income from them will probably be \$200 better than last year. Tell Dr. Colman that I am asked if we have yet heard from him, particularly among his doctor friends and patients. Small pox or varioloid has prevailed here to a great extent this winter. Dr. Backus has had his hands full of business in the absence of both Dr. Colman and Elwood. Sister Kitty thinks Mr. Whitehouse will receive an invitation to Trinity Church, Boston and that he may accept."

Next we find Mr. Rochester in Geneva ordering seats in a carriage for Milan over the Simplon Pass.

One would love to read the letters Nathaniel wrote back home to his family, but what more could they say than he paintakingly tells in this absorbing journal of one hundred and thirty years ago.

Henry Lomb

Excerpt from an address given by the late Charles Wiltsie, president of the Rochester Historical Society at Rochester Atheneum and Mechanic Institute, May 9, 1934 (through the courtesy of his daughter, Mrs. Harold Field).

This morning's assembly is in remembrance. I would make memories walk before you, in appreciation of those who aided and laid the foundations of this institute and especially in highest regard of the founder Henry Lomb.

To make some background, I must indulge in a very brief and sketchy review of beginnings. It was all so humble. It was so simple in the beginning that it hardly seems possible—a few evening classes in an upper room in the old Free Academy, now the Board of Education, in 1885.

It continued through that winter and into a second winter, during which it occupied a room on the third floor of what later was the Weed Hardware Co. on Exchange St.

Finally, in 1887 the third floor was fully occupied in that building. Then, slow progress was made, instruction being confined to limited subjects of architecture, mechanical drawing, and freehand drawing with elementary mathematics and philosophy. There was a gradual evolution from night classes to day classes and in the latter part of 1889 two floors of that building were occupied—and so continued the work in that simple way—with Eugene C. Colby from the beginning the head of the faculty of four or five part time teachers. So the whole movement was responsive to the need of the time, and it gradually came into existence and expanded until the order of 1894.

I want to mention some of the persons who were connected with the institute at that time, as merely to name them is to

honor them. There is, of course Henry Lomb, the beginner, the founder, the governing spirit of it all, and, with him, Eugene C. Colby who served the institute for almost twenty consecutive years. There was also Mr. William Peck who was secretary for a long term of years and Anson Allen and John Brayer, who together served twenty-two years without pay as treasurers of this institute.

John A. Stewart served for nearly twenty years, and Max Lowenthal, a manufacturer of the city, was from the beginning the closest associate of Captain Lomb in his work.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Hale can never be forgotten, nor Lewis P. Ross, a great merchant in this city who served for fourteen years as president, and Mrs. Emil Kuichling, who gave practically all of her time to the institute for long years, serving one time as a member of the Board of Directors and as president of the home economics department.

I became a trustee when I was only 32 years of age and was especially interested in the art work.

(The Wiltsie Watercolor Prize which he endowed, is still given.)

For twenty years I was chairman of the finance committee, and, believe me, that was no idle office in those days because there was no endowment.

There was no source of income for maintenance except the gifts of Captain Lomb, always generous and liberal. But behind that there had to be an arousing of public interest and contributions from whatever sources possible.

Summer after summer Captain Lomb, John A. Stewart, John Brayer, Mrs. Kuichling and I prepared little booklets with lists of 40 to 100 names, one for each trustee and one for each member of the domestic science board, quite an extensive work. There were no sluggards on those boards. They each had to do their bit. After those booklets had been prepared with names and memoranda of previous gifts, they were given to each member marked with the names of those to be solicited for \$5 or any sum that could be obtained.

You can easily sense that all this brought me in constant and almost daily contact with Henry Lomb. He was a man of very simple, plain nature and manner, out of which grew a lofty character and noble nature that all loved. There was nothing mean, there was nothing small, there was nothing selfish about him. At times I used to think there was almost nothing worldly in the make-up of that man—a lofty character, a noble nature. His purpose grew in him and so filled the last third of his life that there was not strength nor time to realize them all. One splendid work initiated revealed others also to be begun. He was always a pioneer in good works, planning, and doing for public service what no one else had thought of, but which were so simple and obvious to do.

The starting of this institute—how simple it was. It was to ask a few prominent citizens for contributions and aid in supporting it. It was also to have a clear-cut objective, and everlastingly, doggedly persistently keeping at it.

There was no great genius about it. There was no long careful preparation preceding it. It was something that needed to be done. It was so easy to start it, and, once started, it seemed to grow of itself—but always with its presiding, de-

termined genius behind it. He was, in a way, a sort of seer, a sort of prophet with vision to see things that the common people ought to have and that would make their life easier and more efficient, capable and skillful.

He was not a great organizer, nor an executive of outstanding ability, nor even a great leader like Lloyd Garrison. He talked on his feet with great difficulty. Being slow of speech and a man of small vocabulary, he could not argue a question. Any one could argue against him. But his simple statements of facts as his understanding mind saw them, with his honest, gentle, kindly nature, were intensely persuasive. It was that intense earnestness, that intense and complete committal of the man's life to the enterprise, that carried conviction, and persuasion led to action.

Now, there wasn't any single thing that he did in any one day that was great or unusual or remarkable. It was the sum total of them all that constituted the year's work and his life's work that made him unusual.

No-one else did all that he did. He was not a genius in any sense, nor a brilliant man, and he never pretended to any such estimation of himself. His life until the age of 51 when he returned to Rochester in 1879 after several years' residence in New York in charge of the sales department of Bausch and Lomb was quite commonplace. But I do not disparage anything I said in praise of Captain Lomb by saying that.

If he had died at that time, he would have left nothing of public interest beyond his military service and his fine personal manhood. But his work in education, service to the veterans of the Civil War, the establishment of kindergartens and the domestic science departments in the public schools—none of that

work had been touched by him. Shortly after he returned to Rochester these matters began to brew in his mind, and one by one he developed all these activities. In private life and among the people of the city he was Rochester's most useful citizen.

Here are some of the outstanding qualities of the man as I saw him over a period of 16 years of close companionship—the last 16 years of his life before he died in 1908. I observed that he had the power of decision or determination as to what he wished to do and the resulting concentration upon his objective. His whole being entered into it. He would determine his objectives, and then his kindly nature and the human sympathy with which his wholebeing was filled drew him to those objectives and accomplishments.

I observed, second, that he was a man of extraordinary persistence — dogged, plodding, everlastingly at his objective. Henry Lomb paid the price. He cared not for yachts or fast horses or great estates. His heart was so human, so sympathetic with those about him, that all other things were as nothing in his whole life and world. A happier man I never knew than Henry Lomb, and he so worked to accomplish his objectives that his whole life went into the work.

A third thing was his ceaseless, untiring industry—no idleness, no waste, no fret, no lost time anywhere. How many hundreds of times I have seen him come from Main St. to the institute always on a dogtrot. He never walked—he was always in a hurry to get to that meeting, to that task.

At the board meeting he always wanted to go before anyone else. He saw the work in the process of accomplishment, he had said what he wanted to say, and he was off to the next job. That is one of

the reasons why he accomplished so much for public service. We all know of his interest in education, expressed mainly through the institute, but also in many ways through the public schools of the city. We know what he did for the kindergartens and for the domestic science training of not less than eight or ten thousand young women who were in the high schools over a series of years.

We know what he did for public health, for dental clinics, for factory lunch rooms, for dietetic training. We know of his service for veterans, we know of his activities with the German-American Society in the city. It was unceasing work, without any waste, stopping only long enough to praise those who worked with him. One of the graces of his life was his great appreciation of every one who worked with him and aided in each one of these activities for public service and usefulness.

Another phase of his character was his intensely practical nature. It seemed so easy for him to see that something should be done. For instance, for his factory employees whose lunch baskets were not to his liking, meager, lean, and not attractive.

"What can I do to make that condition better?" He started the factory lunch room, and then he went to the bottom of the thing and wanted the source of the lunchbox to be improved—the very cooking in the home. Out of that came the teaching of domestic science in Rochester. He offered prizes and hired cooking teachers to show young people how their methods of preparing food could be improved.

He saw men engaged in skilled industry who had no knowledge of mechanical drawing. He knew that if they had some knowledge of mechanical drawing they could read blueprints, they could better

themselves. The institute started as simply as that.

There was another remarkable quality about Henry Lomb. That was his friendliness and gentleness, the helpfulness which seemed to bubble up out of his whole being.

Another great quality was his loyalty and affection. It takes a long time to show that to a marked degree, and such it was with Captain Lomb with his equally famous partner, Jacob Bausch. It was so notable that such real warmth and unselfishness of heart can exist in close business relations over fifty years. His affection was not confined to his partner. It went out to all with whom he had business contacts.

But his greatest gift to all his public services and undertakings, making him

Rochester's most useful citizen, was himself.

He gave of his money, yes. Yet how many hundreds of others gave of their wealth, but too few among us gives his own life. His everlasting dogged persistence and efforts at the task of helping others in the most direct and simple methods, led him to give himself constantly, daily and every hour. His yearning desire was to help broaden, in the most simple and direct ways, the laboring man and his family whose condition he knew intimately through factory relations, to make them better and more capable in their work, and happier in daily living and able to get the most out of life. Captain Lomb will find room in thousands of grateful hearts; through all the years and generations to come they will be his friends.

Excerpts from the Diary of Rossiter Johnson

Rossiter Johnson was born in Rochester in 1850 and was graduated from the University of Rochester in the Class of 1883. He married the daughter of Dr. Asahel Kendrick, head of the Department of Greek and Latin of the University. For several years he worked on a Rochester newspaper, "The Daily Democrat," and then went to New York and engaged in editorial work. He edited, among other series, the American Cyclopaedia and the American Cyclopaedia of Biography. He also wrote several books, one of the best known being "Phaeton Rogers", which is laid in Rochester. He lived to be ninety-one, dying in 1931.

"This incident (falling down stairs when trying to mount them for the first time) might be considered the text or keynote of my existence. I have almost accomplished many things toward which I cherished an ambition but Fate—what a convenient word—has usually halted me at the almost mark and has impressed upon me the idea that I was born to be an almofter. Yet for this I can find some comfort—history tells me into what excellent and all but illustrious company I am thrown among. Among the eminent almosters of history were Moses, Herod, Magellan, Napoleon Bonaparte, Daniel Webster and Jefferson Davis.

I got my schooling from the day I stood by the teacher in the old brick school house and read from the book which she held on her knee, to the day, with thirty-one classmates, I faced the president (U of R) in a semicircle and

listened to words of wisdom from a profound scholar delivered with the eloquence of sympathetic sincerity. My first scholastic exercise consisted in looking at the picture of a noble animal and reading beneath it, 'The horse—the horse has four legs, mane and a t-a-i-l.' My last, not so full of facts as the first, was a foolish graduation oration delivered to 2,000 auditors, most of whom listened to us with more of kindly pride than with any disposition to criticize.

The popular entertainments in those days were the circus, the menagerie, the panorama and the diorama. The circus man that surpassed all others as manager and clown was Dan Rice. Standing in the ring he cracked not only the long lash of his whip, but also many original jokes, of a texture not too fine for the audience, interspersed with occasional moral sentiments that pleased the people.

The most famous of continuous pictures that were painted on a great ribbon of canvas six feet wide, stretched on rollers was John Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi river, a picture three miles long. After seeing it, I painted a picture six inches wide and three rods long and constructed a frame in which to exhibit it.

The diorama interested the boys more than any flat picture. These might be described as puppet shows on a large scale. The stage was occupied with models of buildings, stuffed animals and pasteboard foliage, all set in their proper relations whether the animals were to race on the highways, the trees to bend

in the breeze, or the buildings to be rocked by the earthquake.

The best of the dioramas was the "Burning of Moscow." It was a wonderful set of apparatus and the personnel included the proprietor, his wife and 13 boys. No boys traveled with it; its proprietor depended on gathering volunteers in each town where he exhibited. It came around about once a year.

When my chum and I had enjoyed seeing it all from the front we thirsted for inside intimate knowledge of that splendid triumph of ingenuity. Accordingly one morning he ran into our yard and called to me with a tone of exaltation, "The Burning of Moscow" has come to town and I've got places for you and me."

That evening we met eleven other boys at the stage door. A few of them we knew, others were strangers from distant parts of the city; but a common devotion to art made us friends at once. Mrs. Diorama—I do not remember her other name—led us behind the scenes, assigned us to our several posts and instructed us in our duties.

Teddy was placed where he could strike a large Chinese gong at solemn intervals. Its sounds were the groans of the suffering city. Bob Vaughan had charge of a hand organ. That was the great instrument in the cathedral playing its own solemn dirge. I had a low seat behind one of the abutments of a conspicuous high bridge of many arches. When an army walked across the bridge—cavalry, artillery, infantry in standard proportions—it was because I steadily turned a crank that moved an endless belt on which they all stood. Mrs. Diorama (out of sight of the spectators of course) placed the successive sections on the belt, Charlie Allen took them off as they completed the crossing and George

Allen carried them around to be put on again.

It was an immense army and I feared that I should faint before getting it all across.

Mr. Diorama now and then gave two or three turns to the crank of an ingenious machine of his own invention which produced sounds that could not be distinguished from those of platoon firing by a company of infantry. All the towers, domes and steeples had hinges in their backs and one by one could be made to fall over at the proper time and sink gracefully into the glowing ruins. There was an explosion and a glow of flames whenever a squib was fired behind some gloomy building and apparently Moscow had no fire department.

The bewildering sights and sounds with alternations and variations lasted about an hour. Then the proprietor slid in a long narrow board till it lay on the pavement of the main street. It had depressions containing chemicals that would burn with diverse colored flames. When he touched fire to it there was a lurid display that gave a weird appearance to the half ruined city, there were more explosions and then the curtain came down and the entertainment was over. Teddy and I walked home feeling as if we had been introduced to the secrets of the cosmos.

When my thoughts dwell upon the days of my youth, it seems to me that the boys of our neighborhood had the grandest playground in the world. It covered nearly a square mile. On the east it was bounded by the Genesee river—a clear and clean stream in those days, with high banks and pleasant intervals. After the water had tumbled headlong over three ledges, it assumed a placid demeanor for its course of five miles to

reach Lake Ontario.

On the west our playground was bounded by the Erie canal, then in the height of its usefulness, with many freight boats, an occasional raft of oaken logs for the building of more boats, and a swift packet of light build and brilliant colors which plied daily between the city and certain villages.

At the southern boundary of our playground the dwelling stopped short in a straight rank, as if at a command to halt. The northern boundary was a romantic gorge with sloping wooded banks and a pretty stream, called the Deep Hollow.

The large square of territory this enclosed was almost devoid of buildings and was an open common free to us all. The surface, mainly level, was broken by two gentle knolls. Around one of these a great mass meeting was held in a presidential campaign and I, then a very little fellow, was lifted by some one that I might look over the heads of the crowd and see Daniel Webster who was one of the speakers.

(One of RJ's textbooks was the "Book of Commerce," a sort of encyclopedia. He found out afterward that it had been published by Allen and Ticknor in Boston where Hawthorne was writing anonymously for them at that time. Now I know why this book charmed me. It may have been the means of turning him to encyclopedias where so much of his own later work was centered.)

In those days also I earned pocket money by distributing newspapers at the doors of subscribers. Rising very early I walked—there were no street cars—to the office of the principal morning paper, got my package and, at the same time with nine other boys, set out on my appointed route. I walked as rapidly as possible, all the way round and reached

home just in time for breakfast. This was continued summer and winter until it gave me a physique no gymnasium could have developed.

From the grammar school I went to the high school then newly established by the Board of Education. The pupils came from all parts of the city, admitted only on written examination, and among them I made some desirable acquaintances. The principal of the school, Charles R. Pomeroy, was the best teacher I ever had. He came from Vermont, was the graduate of an eastern college and wore a Phi Beta Kappa key. He taught Latin and Greek. His wife, who was the preceptress, taught rhetoric and drawing. It was very pleasant to sit around the green baize table for the drawing lesson.

The difference between grammar school and high school was distinctly marked not only by more advanced studies but by change from mere declamations to original speeches and essays. Also there were two papers, collections of original contributions, read on alternate Friday afternoons by the young ladies and the young gentlemen. The boys had two rival debating clubs.

That was the day of the didactic lecture in regular winter courses, all well attended by hearers that ranged from the college professor to the confectioner's assistant. The speakers always included Henry Ward Beecher, George William Curtis and the Rev. E. H. Curtis and usually some eminent scientist and two or three Unitarian ministers. The committee in our town were Unitarians.

The summer that I entered college I witnessed a performance such as no college athlete ever dreamed of. A Frenchman, named Blondin, a professional funambulist, crossed the gorge of Niagara near the falls on a tight rope. That

seemed only play to him. Then he had a little sheet iron stove which he carried out, stopped midway, lighted it, baked some little cakes, and dropped them to the deck of the Maid of the Mist. This was followed by the crowning performance when he took a man on his back and walked safely the length of the rope.

There appeared a man who called himself De Lave who sought to rival Blondin, displaying his skill at the upper falls of the Genesee (96 feet high) in the center of the city of Rochester — the same place where Sam Patch jumped to his death thirty years before. De Lave's rope was stretched from the high ground called the Fall's Field to the old sawmill which stood at the edge of the precipice. A part of it was directly over the sheet of falling water. He walked with a light and sure step when only his balancing pole accompanied him.

Blondin had carried over a passenger; it behove De Lave to do likewise or give up all pretense to rivalry. A small bodied but lithe and athletic sailor was found who was willing to be cast for the part of passenger, while his wife sat on the field and wept.

Hundreds of spectators were on hand for the show, looking from the windows of the mills and factories or reclining on the grassy banks. The spectator nearest me was an upper classman from the University who, careful to improve the shining hour under the beautiful sky of June, was associating fiction with funambulation, one eye on the pages of David Copperfield, the other on the rope that waited the performers.

All three duly arrived at the field end of the rope, the primusdon, the passenger and the balancing pole. They passed on, apparently with ease, till they had accomplished more than half the journey. Then we could see that DeLave's

legs were shaky—either because the burden was too much for him or perhaps because the sight of the sheet of falling water under him made him dizzy. Presently he slipped from the rope, one foot each side, the pole shot downward and the next second one leg bent at the knee, forming a hook by which he was suspended head downward. The sailor boy, clinging to his shoulders was also suspended feet downward.

At once the athletic mariner climbed up the body of his host, reached the rope and attached himself to it by hands and feet, his body being under it—like the pictures of the sloth in the cyclopedias. Then De Lave managed to swing himself up to the same position and thus, tandem, they traveled as quadrupeds to the sawmill.

The January thaw, an established institution in Western New York was omitted one year ('65), while the snows continued to pile up in the Allegheny hills. In March we had the belated thaw and the whole accumulation came down with a rush. This was more than the Genesee river could take care of comfortably, especially as the proprietors of several buildings in the city had been a little greedy in the matter of riparian rights, so that the bed was narrower than a dignified river might sleep in. Late in the afternoon Mr. Dyer Brown, who had become part proprietor of the Democrat, came in and said to us "The river is still rising. I think you would better forego the late despatches and put the paper to press at nine o'clock."

At nine, our press, which was in the basement, was five feet under water. I saw logs riding the billows go gaily through the Reynolds Arcade like so many dolphins. A warehouse for safes, which stood at the edge of the stream,

was undermined and all the safes tumbled into the water. A week later I saw them below the falls, and every one had lost its door. The Genesee was a skilful cracksman.

Worse than that, the swollen waters lifted a lumber yard's outfit and piled it up against the Aqueduct, thus forming a very effective dam, with the result that the water flowed over into the channel of the Erie canal, followed its winding westward and, breaking its bank in several places, rushed swiftly down through the cross streets toward the river. Street lamps could not be lighted, but here and there householders hung out lanterns, whose feeble rays were welcome to the belated traveller. O'Connor and I got home by wading through streets where the water was knee deep.

At this time Charles Dickens made his second visit to the United States after an interval of 25 years, and this time he gave readings from his works in several cities. But for some unknown reason he did not go farther west than Buffalo. Despite his restricted circuit, it was said that he profited more by his readings than by the sale of his books. He read in Rochester two evenings, with an interval of perhaps a fortnight. The entertainment was in Corinthian Hall, said to be, for acoustic properties, one of the finest in the country. I never have heard any reading that approached the perfection of those readings, in dramatic power and picturesque effect. Sitting at a simple stand, with a reading lamp, Dickens made the narrative as vivid, produced as much feeling of realism as could have been done with the resources of a skilfully appointed stage.

The Erie Canal, making the western boundary of our happy hunting ground,

made its own peculiar contribution to the joyousness of ingenuous youth. The freight boats, moving deliberately and safely, appeared to induce a spirit of sympathetic meditation in him who was at once captain and steersman, and very seldom did he forget that he was once a boy. Every human being carries with him an ever-lasting desire to be moved from place to place by some propulsive power outside of his own energies, and a boy seldom misses an opportunity to "catch a ride."

We could drop from a bridge to the deck of a boat, cultivate the acquaintance of the steersman in the progress of a mile or two, ask him just enough questions about the craft and its cargo to interest him, and not enough to tire him, and at another bridge transfer to a boat which would take us home again.

While the canal with its slow moving freight boats was always suggestive of deliberation and studied profit, it had one lively feature that crossed our line of vision every day. This was the packet *Red Bird*, a dainty craft with brilliant red sides and crimson window blinds, which passed our playground, going westward about three o'clock every afternoon. It was drawn by three horses tandem, going at a steady trot. Every morning it brought down passengers from Brockport and other stations west of the city, who came on trading or other errands and it took them back later in the day. Usually a few were riding on the deck—old gentlemen with gold headed canes and motherly women with knitting work. Freightboats were required to drop their tow lines to let the packet pass; and lest this regulation should be some time forgotten, the *Red Bird* carried at her prow a sickle-shaped iron with a sharp edge, to cut any topline that might attempt to pass over her deck,

sweeping off the knitting work and the gold headed canes. While the deck passengers were occasionally startled by the cry "L-O-W-Bridge," they were safe from a high towline. We boys always hoped to see that sickle in action some time, looking upon the packet as the modern representative of those apocryphal scythe-armed chariots which we read about in Bloss' "Ancient History." But somehow no towline was ever cut and no passenger was ever swept from the deck. Youth has its disappointments as well as its triumphs.

Joseph O'Connor, Jacob Hackstra and I, after two years of preparation at the High School, entered Rochester University in 1859 in a class that numbered 50 members at entrance and 32 at graduation. Our college course would be considered a dull affair in these days. We had no gymnasium, hardly knew the word "athletics," played no match games, and supported no boat's crew.

We were under the impression that our parents sent us there, not to qualify for circus actors, but to learn something of languages, literature and science, to discover the chief bent of our mind for future study, and to be developed from boys to young gentlemen. The half dozen professors ranked high, and we were taught by them directly. Martin Anderson was known as one of the ablest of college presidents. He used to make it a point to know, or endeavor to know every member of the four classes as they came and went for 35 years.

Asahel Kendrick ranked as the first Greek scholar in the country. John Richardson discovered the original pronunciation of Latin. Isaac Quinby, who taught mathematics, was graduated at West Point in the class with U. S. Grant. The Rev. Sewall Cutting taught English and rhetoric. The venerable Chester Dewey was still able to give us lectures in chemistry and Henry Ward the natural science.

